



## The Evening Telegram

BY  
The Greensboro Publishing Co.

R. F. BEASLEY, EDITOR

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SATURDAY, MAR. 17, 1900.

### THE TELEGRAM TODAY

The Telegram this afternoon keeps up the pace it has set for its Saturday evening issue. Dr. W. L. Grissom contributes a valuable history of Methodism in Guilford county; there is a suggestive statement of the banking facilities of Greensboro; Rusticus contributes a very caustic article apropos of the Mebane discussion; and a well known character is admirably presented in the column of village sketches, indeed we must put Jim down as one of our curios. We have arranged to have the news each week from the many excellent schools in this vicinity and purpose making this a regular feature of the paper. The schools have never had the attention they deserve and we have secured the promises of cooperation of the management of most of those in this section in keeping before the public the great things Guilford is doing in this line. Beside these special features we have the regular daily run of matter.

### A TICKLISH BUSINESS.

Yesterday a wire from London stated that there was great excitement in the English capital caused by the report that the British cruiser *Theodis* was chasing the German steamer *Kaiser*, which was carrying on board two Boer commissioners bound for Europe for the purpose of seeking intervention. The only echo of the story that we find in the morning papers comes from Berlin and expresses belief that such action on the part of the British would seriously embitter the relations between Germany and England. This is certainly a most ticklish business if the Londoners had any ground for their excitement, and before it's over England may be treated to a dose of her own medicine.

It will be recollect that during the Confederate war the United States was forced by England to backwater in just such an instance, when Confederate commissioners to England were taken from an English vessel by the United States, and England enforced their release. Now Germany, or the European powers, may, if this report has any truth, justly call down upon England her own precedent. And who knows what may come of it? England is just now stiffened up enough to run up against anything, and Germany's fool emperor is suffering with the swell-head so badly that he is spoiling for a muss. There is one thing certain, if he doesn't want his young bones rattled he doesn't have to make much of a gang plank of the lion's caudal appendage.

### A SUFFERING CONTEMPORARY.

We have received a marked copy of the Reidsville Review of the 16th with the following agonized effort as its leading editorial:

Greensboro's two afternoon papers are "foaming at the mouth" as a result of Heidelberg having something resembling smallpox. We suppose the citizens of that progressive town want all the disease themselves, as Dr. Lewis says while we in the smallpox plague was found in the "City of Flowers" there was no trouble in crushing out an epidemic. Since then, however, the disease had been sent out to six towns in the State and most of the cases, if not all, have been sent and found to come from Greensboro. We think the papers in Greensboro could be of better service to their town if they would tell its people how to treat a smallpox epidemic. Until it is more successful along this line Reidsville and Rockingham will prefer to look elsewhere for such advice.

Really our esteemed contemporary has put on its war paint and grabbed its blunderbuss unnecessarily. When it passes the eruptive stage we may take the time to talk to it.

Mr. H. B. Varner, the bright editor of the Lexington Dispatch, is one of the editorial brethren who are this year aspiring to office. He wishes to be commissioner of labor and printing, a place for which he is well fitted. He is reported to have done much for his party in his section. Along with the other brethren of the press who are on the war path this year, we wish Brother Varner good luck.

And here is what Benjamin Tillman said of William McKinley in the senate yesterday when the Porto Rico relief bill was on its passage:

I'm always willing to trust Wm. McKinley, but it's bad and wicked partners that I'm afraid of. He is a patriotic man, not a scoundrel although just now he may be carried off his feet by the dream of glory in his story alongside of Jefferson and others, who added largely to our territory.

General Joe Wheeler turned up in Washington yesterday to begin the search for his seat in congress. He says that there is some skirmishing in the Philippines, "but it is not war." General Joe's definition of war was learned in a very rigorous school and he ought not to apply it too closely to the scrapping in Luzon.

### SKETCH OF METHODISM

#### IN GUILFORD COUNTY.

Written for the Saturday Telegram.  
Soon after the road of cannon and muskets at Guilford court house had rolled away, the Methodist preacher started the section for in 1783 the Guilford circuit was formed, having three or four members, with Samuel Dudley and James Gibbons as preachers in charge. The new circuit was formed from the Yadkin circuit on the west and New Hope on the east, and hence the Guilford circuit began a large portion of this predominant section, last covering several counties.

Methodism entered this territory from two directions. In 1776 the Carolina circuit was formed, embracing several counties east of Raleigh, and the same year Isaac Rolling was sent to the Pittsylvania circuit and began to work his way from the west, and when Guilford circuit was established in 1783, there were in North Carolina twenty pastoral charges with 2651 members. When you take into consideration that this period covered that of the Revolutionary war, that there was much excitement on that account, and that many of our preachers were from England and that the people were naturally prejudiced against them, you will find that the Methodists made great progress even from this regular feature of the paper. The schools have never had the attention they deserve and we have secured the promises of cooperation of the management of most of those in this section in keeping before the public the great things Guilford is doing in this line. Beside these special features we have the regular daily run of matter.

Many of the other churches were already planted in this field. The Episcopal church came over with the English settlers. The Quakers entered North Carolina in 1672 and hence had been here a hundred years when Methodism was introduced. The Presbyterians had been working in various parts of the state since 1737 and they had at least two strong and flourishing churches in Guilford county, those of Buffalo and Alamance, when the Guilford circuit was established. The Moravians had settled in what is now Forsyth county and were regarded as industrious, honest and devout people. Their settlement dates back to 1752 and was in the bounds of the Guilford circuit in 1783. The Baptists had done much work in this territory but how much we are not able to say. Thus we find the leading denominations here and well established when Methodism was introduced. And the Methodist preacher of that day was not noted for scholarly attainments, and coming in as he did preaching Arminianism with a great deal of earnestness and emotion, naturally created some excitement among those who had never witnessed such demonstrations under the preaching of the Word. The Quakers were not so liberal then as now, for it is said they actually disciplined some of their members for attending a Methodist meeting as late as 1825. If we have changed much since then, not only in their dress but also in their mode of worship.

And while the Methodists dwelt much upon their distinctive doctrines, the Presbyterians emphasized the doctrine of Calvinism with all the learning and logic at their command. All this antagonism made it difficult for Methodism to get a start in its new field.

What churches were organized within the county of Guilford during the eighteenth century, we are unable to record. The following are some of the oldest preaching places in the county: Gethsemane, Rehoboth, and Moriah. As has been seen the circuit embraced a large territory, and there were very few changes made in its boundaries before 1800. And with all the difficulties in the way we find that the church held its own during this period, and gradually increased from 314 in 1783 to 685 whites and 39 blacks in 1800. During the next decade a great revival wave swept over the Atlantic slope, and during this period Methodism made great strides forward. It was born in a revival and now in its native element it grew to great strength and influence. There have been such frequent changes in the circuit boundaries since 1800 that we cannot with any accuracy give the growth in figures. But one extreme always follows another. So from 1810 to 1820 was born called the "Dark Decade in North Carolina Methodism." The reason for this is not very clear. Of course the war of 1812 had something to do with it. Then after the excitement of the great revival period referred to above, the common every day way of doing things seemed very common place. Many lost interest if not their spirituality. They became inactive and hence all interests of the church declined.

In 1820 there were very few Methodists to be found in this country. Rev. J. E. Edwards, D. D., who was reared near Muir's Chapel, writing in the Raleigh Christian Advocate of September 1882, says that Rev. James Reid visited his father's house in 1822 and was the first Methodist preacher to visit that home. Dr. Edwards' father gave the land upon which the "Log Meeting House" was built and which is now known as Muir's Chapel. A "hump-shouldered" preacher, Rev. Thackeray Muir, was sent to the circuit in 1823 and the church was named for him. Dr. Edwards referred to above was educated at Guilford College, which was then known as New Garden School. He became a very popular preacher of the Virginia conference, and after traveling for fifty years and filling the best appointments in that conference, he passed over the river to join the hosts above. Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, D. D. also lived in this community and attended this school and became a leader in the North Carolina conference and at one time received a very flattering vote for bishop. Rev. James Reid was one of the pioneers of Methodism in many parts of the state. And after a faithful service in the itinerancy for over fifty years, he died suddenly at the home of his friend Dr. Wilson, in this city on November 9th 1872.

From 1820 to 1830 there was some progress made. Several new organizations were formed. Among them a log church was built at Pleasant Garden, which was replaced in about ten years by a frame building and afterwards the present commodious brick church was built. During this period the Methodist Protestant church was organized which took off some of our members and even some churches. Howard Gardner.

General Joe Wheeler turned up in Washington yesterday to begin the search for his seat in congress. He says that there is some skirmishing in the Philippines, "but it is not war." General Joe's definition of war was learned in a very rigorous school and he ought not to apply it too closely to the scrapping in Luzon.

of Greensboro, which is still a prosperous congregation of that denomination.

In 1830 under the pastorate of Rev. Peter Doub a church was built in Greensboro on South Elm street nearly opposite the Odell Hardware Company store. He also established a school here in 1836 the conference passed very favorable resolutions looking to the establishment of a college of high grade. And in 1838 the Greensboro Female College was char-

### AT THE CHURCHES TOMORROW.

#### The Announcements for Sabbath Services.

WESTMINSTER—Presbyterian—Rev. C. E. Hodgin, pastor. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m. S. H. Boyd, superintendent. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. Westminster League at 7 p.m. You are cordially invited to all of these services.

ST. ANDREWS—Episcopal—Rev. J. D. Miller, rector. Third Sunday in Lent. Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon 8 a.m. Evening prayer and sermon 8 p.m. Brotherhood meets after service. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m. Lenten service at 5 p.m.

ST. MARY'S—Memorial Chapel—(Episcopal)—Rev. J. D. Miller rector. Sunday School at 4:30 p.m.

ST. CUTHBERT'S—Chapel—Episcopal—Proximity Mills.—Rev. Horace Weeks Jones, priest to charge. Sunday School 3:00 p.m. Evening prayer and sermon 8 p.m. Brotherhood meets after service. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m. Lenten service at 5 p.m.

ST. BARNABAS—Episcopal—Rev. Horace Weeks Jones, rector. Sunday School 9:45 a.m. Third Sunday in Lent. Morning prayer, Holy Communion 8 a.m. Morning sermon and prayer at 11 a.m. Evening prayer and sermon 5 p.m. Daily service, 8 p.m. All invited.

WEST WASHINGTON STREET—Baptist—Rev. Livingston Johnson, pastor. Sunday School 9:30 a.m. W. W. Workman Superintendent. Services conducted by the pastor at 11 a.m. and 7:45 p.m. Morning subject, "Self Denial." At night, "A Better Way to a Better Place." Let us welcome you to our services.

FRIENDS CHURCH—Quakers—J. H. Peeler, pastor. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m. J. R. Mendenhall, superintendent. Services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

CHESTER STREET—Baptist—North Baptist—Rev. J. A. Hackney, pastor. Sunday School 9:30 a.m. W. W. Workman Superintendent. Services conducted by the pastor at 11 a.m. and 7:45 p.m. Morning subject, "Self Denial." At night, "A Better Way to a Better Place." Let us welcome you to our services.

ST. BENEDICT'S (Roman Catholic) Corner North Elm and Schenck streets. F. Anthony, O. S. B., rector. Mass and sermon at 10:30 a.m. Text, "Let every man be slow to speak and slow to anger." St. James 1:19. Sunday school and "Station of the Cross" 3:30 p.m. All are cordially welcomed.

CENTENARY—Methodist—Rev. T. E. Waggs, pastor. Sunday School at 9:45 a.m. C. C. Johnson, superintendent. Preaching at 11 a.m. and at 7:30 p.m. by the pastor. All are cordially invited to attend these services.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. Egbert W. Smith, D. D., pastor. Services at 10:30 a.m. and 8:00 p.m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 11:40 a.m. S. A. Kerr, superintendent. Christian Endeavor meeting at 7:15 p.m. on Wednesday.

GRACE—Methodist—Protestant—Rev. T. M. Johnson, pastor. Sunday School at 11:40 a.m. Preaching at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. by pastor. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 7 p.m.

WEST MARKET—Methodist—Rev. C. Rowe, pastor. Preaching 11 a.m. and 8:00 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday 8:00 p.m. Sunday School 9:30 a.m. P. P. Claxton, superintendent. Epworth League meets every Monday at 8:00 p.m. You are invited to all these services.

SOUTH ELM STREET—(Baptist)—Rev. J. A. Hackney, pastor. Preaching 7:30 p.m. Sunday School 3:30 p.m. Prayer meeting Tuesday night.

SPRING GARDEN STREET—(Methodist)—H. W. Bedford, pastor. Sabbath school at 1:30 p.m., Geo. Dunham, superintendent. Preaching by the pastor at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m.

RHEUMATISM—CATARRH—DISEASES CURED BY B. B. B.

It is the deep-seated, obstinate cases of catarrh and rheumatism that B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) cures. It matters not what other treatments, doctors, sprays, liniments, medicated air blood purifiers, have failed to do, B. B. B. always promptly relieves the real cause and roots out and drives from the bones, joints, mucous membranes, and entire system the specific poison in the blood that causes rheumatism and catarrh. B. B. B. is the only remedy strong enough to do this and cure so and so there can never be a return to the symptoms. Don't give up hope, but try B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) or 3 Ba.

These are some of the visible results of that movement that was started in Guilford county in 1783 by two humble Methodist preachers. The influence that this movement has had upon the county at large no one can estimate.

It would be well to add that we have mentioned Peter Doub and Anna F. Reid.

W. L. Grissom.

South Elm Street—(Baptist)—Rev. J. A. Hackney, pastor. Preaching 7:30 p.m. Sunday School 3:30 p.m. Prayer meeting Tuesday night.

GATE CITY STEAM LAUNDRY.

W. A. FIELDS, Proprietor.

F. B. Reid, Manager. Phone 176.

The One Day Gold Cure.

For colds and sore throat use Kermott's Chocolate Laxative Quinine. Easily taken as candy and quickly cured.

A MAN'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The most severe scrutiny will only show how perfect it is and how superior to all other work in this line.

There is no flaw in the beauty of the old or fine work we lay on your door when it is done up at the Gate City Steam Laundry.

We wish to announce further that

we are prepared to do family washing as neat and cheap as any other laundry, but we have obtained agents

for the convenience of our patrons at the following places: King Bros., opposite Bowmen; at Huston's store, Spring Garden street; or a card or phone call will bring our wagon to your door.

Remember we leave no saw edges on your collars and cuffs.

GATE CITY STEAM LAUNDRY.

W. A. FIELDS, Proprietor.

F. B. Reid, Manager. Phone 176.

The One Day Cold Cure.

Kermott's Chocolates Laxative Quinine for colds in the head and sore throat. Children take it easily.

WEAK, UNHEALTHY KIDNEYS.

THE CURE IS FOUND IN

JOHNSON'S KIDNEY PILLS

10 CENTS.

WHOLESALE GUARANTEED.

None of the Goods are so Cheap /

as the Goods of Johnson's, Inc., PHILADELPHIA.

Howard Gardner, Corner Opp.

Postoffice.

C. E. Holton, McDowell House Building.

Asheboro Street Pharmacy, S. S. Hallowood, manager.

The door that Death saw had this inscription over it: "Hopeless of hope, all who he drains the very dregs of despair."

There are certain forms of disease which are almost impossible to cure. These have given the title of "Hopeless." That very fact handicaps the sufferer, and makes him less inclined to exert himself to regain health. This is particularly true of lung diseases. As soon as disease fastens on the human body, it does not care whether it wins and awaits his fate. He wouldn't act that way if he were bitten by a tame snake.

He'd fight then for his life. The influence of ignorance and superstition have given the name of "Hopeless." That very fact handicaps the sufferer, and makes him less inclined to exert himself to regain health. This is particularly true of lung diseases. As soon as disease fastens on the human body, it does not care whether it wins and awaits his fate. He wouldn't act that way if he were bitten by a tame snake.

There is a new invention for that doorway of disease, which is the "Golden Medical Discovery." It positively cures weak lungs, bronchitis, asthma, consumption, colds, etc., of infants and kindred ailments, which if neglected, find a fatal ending in consumption.

It contains no alcohol, whisky or other poisons.

"Your medicine is the best I have ever taken," writes Mrs. Jennie Dingman of Vanburen, Arkansas, so I have it in bed all the time. My husband thought I had consumption. He was so worried about me that he would not let me go to work. We thought we would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took it and the cough stopped and I have since had no signs of consumption.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the best for the bowels. Use them with the "Discovery."

# Life Insurance Co. of Va.

ORGANIZED 1871.

Home Office, Richmond, Virginia.

G. A. WALKER, Pres Jas. W. PEGRAM, Secy

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1899,	\$990,660.04.
LIABILITIES	\$759,221.40.
SURPLUS TO POLICY-HOLDERS,	\$231,438.64.

THIRTEEN YEARS GROWTH.

## Premium Income.

1887	\$99,566.00
1888	\$127,049.00
1889	\$151,571.00
1890	\$284,547.00
1891	\$395,447.67
1892	\$475,520.24
1893	\$540,151.15
1894	\$551,794.51
1895	\$591,880.56
1896	\$712,891.92
1897	\$752,214.87
1898	\$852,409.08
1899	\$987,900.79

Gross Income 1899,	\$985,225.91.
Insurance in Force	\$22,556,471.00
Total Number Policies in Force, 222,564.	
Total Payments to Policy-Holders,	\$3,588,801.00

J. T. BASS, Supt.  
GREENSBORO DISTRICT,  
19 ELM STREET,  
Greensboro, N. C.

SCROFULA AND ITS AWFUL HORRORS  
—CURED BY—  
Johnston's Sarsaparilla  
QUART BOTTLES.  
A MOST WONDERFUL CURE.

A Grand Old Lady Gives Her Experience.  
Mrs. Franklina Orilla Hurd lives in the beautiful village of Brighton, Livingston County, Michigan, and has been a resident there since the year 1840, the year of the great cholera. She was born in New York, who came to Michigan in 1840, the year of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." All her faculties are excellently preserved, and possessing a very retentive memory, her mind is full of interesting reminiscences of her early life, of the early days of the State of Michigan and the interesting and remarkable people she has met, and the stirring events which have occurred. But she is interested in all kinds of medical remedies, are more marvellous and wondrous than are her experiences in the use of JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. Mrs. Hurd inherited a tendency and predisposition to scrofula, that terribly destructive blood taint which has cursed and is cursing the lives of thousands and marking thousands more as victims of the disease. Transmuted from generation to generation, it is found in every family, transmitted from one form or another. It may appear in appearance in dreadful running sores, in ugly ulcerations in the neck or groin, or in eruptions of varied forms. Attacking the mucous membrane, it may be known as catarrh in the head, or developing in the lungs it may be, and often is, the prime cause of consumption.

Speaking of scrofula, Mrs. Hurd says: "I was troubled for many years with skin diseases. My neck began to swell and became very sore, discharging yellow matter. My body was covered with scrofulous eruptions. My eyes were also greatly inflamed and weakened, and they pained me very much. My blood was in a very bad condition and had ached severely at first in the limbs, and then in the appetite. I had sores also in my ears. I was a miserable invalid, and had to give up my business. I recommended, and doctor after doctor had failed. One of the best physicians in the state told me I must die of scrofulous consumption, as internal abscesses were beginning to form. I at length was told of Dr. Johnston, of Detroit, and his famous Sarsaparilla. I tried a bottle more as an experiment than anything else, as I had no faith in it, and greatly to my amazement, surprise, I began to grow better. You can hardly imagine me taking up so many bottles. But I steadily improved until I became entirely well. All the sores healed up, all the bad symptoms disappeared. I gained perfect health, and I have never been troubled with scrofula since. Of course an old lady of 83 years is not a young woman, but I have had remarkably good health since then, and I firmly believe that JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA is the greatest blessing that ever came into the world. It cures scrofula and as a spring medicine." This remarkably interesting old lady did not live to be more than sixty, and she repeated several times, "I believe my life was saved by JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA."

MICHIGAN DRUG COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

L. RICHARDSON DRUG CO. JOHN B. FARRELL,  
GREENSBORO, N. C.

We have at Present a Large Stock of

Jellico,  
Kanawha Splint,  
Toms Creek,  
Russell Creek,  
Egg  
Anthracite Stone  
Nut

COAL

The Greensboro Ice & Coal Co.  
PHONE 58.

Southern Stock-Mutual Insurance Co.  
and Underwriters of Greensboro.

Combined Assets. \$254,818.87.

The only Insurance Companies in North Carolina that divide their Profits with the Policy Holders. \$25,785.00 returned as Dividends to Policy Holders in Five Years. When you insure call for these Greensboro Companies.

WHARTON, McALISTER & VAUGHN, Managers.

O. W. Carr & Co.,  
Murray Bros.,  
D. C. Waddell,  
Wharton, McAlister & Vaughn,

Agents  
in  
Greensboro.

## QUEER TYPES IN A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

Written for the Saturday Telegram.

### THE VILLAGE LIAR.

We rashly undertook last week to portray the "Village Wh." and while we attempt to know it is madness to try to picture the "Village Liar." Jim Crump was this individual and he was a veritable artist in his line of lying. He lied without provocation and without motive, and, as will be seen, without malice. He did not lie for the sake of gain, but merely for the pleasure which this performance gave him. We can imagine that his mental attitude towards one of his colossal fabrications was that of a sculptor in proud contemplation of his own handiwork.

A story they tell on him will show here that there was no craven or mercenary spirit in Jim's lying. He was on trial once before a magistrate for a fight with one Jack Peesly. It was important for Jim's defense to show that he was afraid of Jack, that he had previous to the fight been in constant fear of bodily injury, and the evidence Jim was to give had been rehearsed in his lawyer's office. His counsel thought that Jim would down fine. Jim was put on the witness stand and his lawyer gradually led up to the main question which was this: "Jim, were you afraid of Jack Peesly?" Jim looked around him and saw the same audience to whom he was wont to discourse in front of the stores about his plantation, his garden, and his go done, and there were the boys whose generous approval of his stories stimulated him to his best efforts. This was too much for Jim, so he rose from his seat with an air of injured dignity, assumed his most defiant attitude and thundered: "No-o-o-o-o," until the sun rattled on the roof of the court house. His lawyer practically gave up the fight after that, and Jim walked off to jail with an air of duly well-done and with the complacency of a philosopher. The court room had presented a dramatic opportunity that he could not resist. He rejected the story which was to keep him out of jail simply because it was commonplace and did not appeal to his imagination, and heroically identified any fear of Jack Peesly, although it was well known that he was as afraid of his death as of death.

To appreciate the "Village Liar" we must know what he looked like. He was forty-five years old. We knew him for twenty years, and he was never a day older nor a day younger in appearance than forty-five. He had never known what youth was and if he had lived a hundred years he would never have grown old. Nature never pitched together a more awkward stack of skin and bones—there was no flesh to mention. He had a beardless face made of angles and straight lines—not a curve to break the sharp rugged surface of his countenance. His hands were large and claw-like, and his neck and hands were seamed into rectangular incrustations of dirt which resembled the hide of an alligator. There was a tradition that the only bathing Jim ever got was when it rained on him. He did not always get in out of the rain. He wore a slouch hat as old as himself, a long ragged coat, expansive breeches in which his legs seemed to be lost, uncertain where they were and as for shoes—he went barefooted and as though he wanted and marched him through the crowd to the polls and this was how he came to vote his first republican ticket. After that Jim did not show himself in town often; for when he came the boys made his life a burden. Jim pined away with shame and mortification; he had lost his established consistent political character; he fell into a decline from which he never recovered, and this was his last election.

This sketch is not complete without one more paragraph which will cast a softer light upon these poor people. In the hour of Jim's downfall, Marty left him, and after he was gone there was only "Mother" and the dog, and as long as she lived she tended her bed to divide with "Jimmy's dog."

His walk was a new movement in parapetism, with long swinging strides an uncertain gait. In the knee at every step, and one shoulder always thrust forward so as to give him a somewhat sideways motion. He seemed to be pushing himself forward with that shoulder and having a hard time of it.

Jim's bare feet were the most graceless objects I ever beheld. Altogether he was very much a beggar in appearance and it was not safe for a nervous horse to meet him in the road.

If my memory serves me correctly, Jim knew he was ugly and rather prided himself on it. If you want a more accurate picture of Jim, turn to "Randy Sniffle" in "Glorious Scenes" and see him for yourself. Jim's cracked voice was not the most harrowing thing about him.

Jim was a philosopher as well as an artist. He took life just as he found it and seemed serenely satisfied with it. His home was a rude hut in the woods about an hour's walk from the village. He and his old mother lived there and were loyal and good to each other in a certain rough way. The house was without comfort or cleanliness. A visitor would have noticed an old army musket and an old yellow cur dog. These were property the most prominent articles of household furniture because they were Jim's only means of livelihood, and when he was not in the village, spinning yarns, he was in the woods with his dog and gun or fishing tackle. Jim owned about fifteen acres of land contiguous to his cabin. This land was rocky, desolitous and so poor it would not sprout broom straw. Jim fancied himself a veritable landed proprietor and assumed airs and called the most prominent men in the village by their first names. He was never known to call any man master. He was the poor of anybody. He claimed that there was gold on his land and this was one of his choice subjects for the exercise of his art. His stories about the fabulous prospects were marvelous creations. His old mother was the one person who took him seriously, and she refused to sell the land long after Jim was gone and she had become a object of charity.

Jim never had provisions in his house for more than one day at a time, but to hear him talk, you would suppose they lived in affluence. Coffee was a luxury and they had to dilute it indefinitely to make it last, but one of his favorite concoctions was "Me and mother can't drink coffee unless it is strong enough to float a wedge." The first time he ever saw red kerosene oil drawn at the village store, he said, "We don't like this cheap oil; we use the Morning Rose," when his cabin had never seen any other light than a pine knot.

One spring day he was telling the town boys about the extensive gardens

he was doing. They led him on until he had told them how many rows of onions, beans, corn, cabbage, potato, etc., etc., he had planted, and after he had exhausted himself, they made a careful calculation, which demonstrated to his dismay that he had seventeen acres in vegetables, when he had less than an acre of cleared ground and only a patch for a garden. Jim did not show himself in town for a week after that. Once upon a time he canvassed for subscriptions to the Atlanta Constitution and applied to one of the most charitable ladies in the town. There is a rumor that the boys put him up to this. He sold her with judicial solemnity that for one dollar they would send her the paper for a year and at the end of the year she would get a sewing machine and sixty dollars as a premium.

His most famous yarn was about a peach tree. As he was going home one day from fishing, he carelessly broke off a switch from a peach tree—carried it home, stuck it in the ground near the house. That year it grew into a tree and bore a hundred bushels of fruit. They dried a four-horse wagon load of peaches, made a hoghead of brandy for their own use and "Mother" put up seventy-five cans of preserves, and I sold her if she wanted any more, I would buy the sugar." This was Jim's masterpiece.

Jim was game to the end. During his last sickness, a committee of ladies from the Aid Society went to see him and carried him some fruit. As he peeled an orange with a big butcher knife, he eyed the latter with pride and affection, and half soliloquized, "This knife in its time has butchered nine hundred and ninety-nine beavers."

Now the nearest Jim ever came to being the butcher he prided himself on, was skinning a rabbit.

Later in life, Jim married a wife and he called her Martha. This was an unlucky move for him as you will presently see. Up to the time of his marriage, Jim had always voted democratic. At every election the party workers had to keep an eye on Jim and shielded him from the temptations of the opposition. They were known to sit up with him all night on occasions in order to have him in hand in the morning of the election, and their vigilance had been so constant and successful that Jim lived a consistent democrat all his days until the election after his marriage. The republicans planned and executed a coup with Martha as trump card. They had found out that Martha, as sometimes happens, could make Jim do as she pleased. When Martha was present Jim had no will of his own. And while the democrats were addressing their usual attentions to Jim, the republicans were devoting theirs to Martha. On the morning of this particular election Jim came into town well attended, for Martha was with him. Some of Jim's old party managers had run out to intercept her lest she should fall into the hands of the enemy, but this was how he came to vote his first republican ticket. After that Jim did not show himself in town often; for when he came the boys made his life a burden. Jim pined away with shame and mortification; he had lost his established consistent political character; he fell into a decline from which he never recovered, and this was his last election.

This sketch is not complete without one more paragraph which will cast a softer light upon these poor people. In the hour of Jim's downfall, Marty left him, and after he was gone there was only "Mother" and the dog, and as long as she lived she tended her bed to divide with "Jimmy's dog."

His walk was a new movement in parapetism, with long swinging strides an uncertain gait. In the knee at every step, and one shoulder always thrust forward so as to give him a somewhat sideways motion. He seemed to be pushing himself forward with that shoulder and having a hard time of it.

Jim's bare feet were the most graceless objects I ever beheld. Altogether he was very much a beggar in appearance and it was not safe for a nervous horse to meet him in the road.

If my memory serves me correctly, Jim knew he was ugly and rather prided himself on it. If you want a more accurate picture of Jim, turn to "Randy Sniffle" in "Glorious Scenes" and see him for yourself. Jim's cracked voice was not the most harrowing thing about him.

Jim was a philosopher as well as an artist. He took life just as he found it and seemed serenely satisfied with it. His home was a rude hut in the woods about an hour's walk from the village. He and his old mother lived there and were loyal and good to each other in a certain rough way. The house was without comfort or cleanliness. A visitor would have noticed an old army musket and an old yellow cur dog. These were property the most prominent articles of household furniture because they were Jim's only means of livelihood, and when he was not in the village, spinning yarns, he was in the woods with his dog and gun or fishing tackle. Jim owned about fifteen acres of land contiguous to his cabin. This land was rocky, desolitous and so poor it would not sprout broom straw. Jim fancied himself a veritable landed proprietor and assumed airs and called the most prominent men in the village by their first names. He was never known to call any man master. He was the poor of anybody. He claimed that there was gold on his land and this was one of his choice subjects for the exercise of his art. His stories about the fabulous prospects were marvelous creations. His old mother was the one person who took him seriously, and she refused to sell the land long after Jim was gone and she had become a object of charity.

Jim never had provisions in his house for more than one day at a time, but to hear him talk, you would suppose they lived in affluence. Coffee was a luxury and they had to dilute it indefinitely to make it last, but one of his favorite concoctions was "Me and mother can't drink coffee unless it is strong enough to float a wedge."

The first time he ever saw red kerosene oil drawn at the village store, he said, "We don't like this cheap oil; we use the Morning Rose," when his cabin had never seen any other light than a pine knot.

One spring day he was telling the town boys about the extensive gardens

he was doing. They led him on until he had told them how many rows of onions, beans, corn, cabbage, potato, etc., etc., he had planted, and after he had exhausted himself, they made a careful calculation, which demonstrated to his dismay that he had seventeen acres in vegetables, when he had less than an acre of cleared ground and only a patch for a garden.

Second tract: Situate in Summerfield township, state and county affording the following features: No. 47, in the town of Summerfield bounded on the east by First street, on the south by lot Number 43, on the west by Second street, on the north by lot Number 46. For a more accurate description, see Jones' History of the town of Summerfield on file and recorded in the register of deeds office.

J. E. Cartland, Commissioner.

Greensboro Steam Laundry, Phone 72. John H. Dick Proprietor. E. A. MILLER, Manager.

## WINE OF CARDUI.

### HEALTHY OLD AGE.

LAWRENCE, BENTON CO. AREA, Aug. 4. I am 69 years old and have been suffering with Cancer of life. I have suffered so bad that none think I could live. My wife, Mrs. Wine of Cardui and it saved my life. I am like another person since that.

MRS. E. B. TOWNSEND.

Wine of Cardui

It is the devout wish of nearly all people to live to a ripe old age. This universal desire can be realized if care be taken of the health in early and middle life. A little precaution then will add many years to our existence. Death can be kept away a long time, however, only age will tell the toll of the battle. Wine of Cardui will correct the ailments which afflict her. In youth, Wine of Cardui will take the female child safely over the dividing line between girlhood and womanhood. As a wife she needs it to help her through the trials of pregnancy and childbirth with as little discomfort as possible. At the Child's birth it will be a comfort to those who appear in her pathway between 40 and 50. There will come many years of truly blissful existence. She will grow old slowly and gracefully. To the last she will preserve that charm and beauty which are always characteristic of perfect healthy grandmothers. It is for women alone to decide whether she will be healthy or sick. The remedy for their sickness is close at hand.

LADIES' ADVISORY DEPARTMENT.

For advice in case of special trouble, address Ladies' Advisory Dept., 102 East Church Street, Greensboro, N. C.

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# FOR SATURDAY, March 17, 1900

Turnip Salad,  
Mustard Salad,  
New Fla. Cabbage  
Spring Onions,  
Nice sweet Potatoes,  
Tomatoes,  
Oranges, 25c per doz.  
Bananas, 20c per doz.  
Lemons, 20c per doz.

## Large Fat Hams.

## HUDSON'S On-the-hill

No. 5 S. Elm Street.  
Phone 40.

## D. BENDHEIM & Sons

230 SOUTH ELM STREET

100 Rolls

New China A N D Japan

## MATTING

## JUST RECEIVED.

These are all new and fresh goods of the seasons importation. We carried no old dried out stock from last season. Every piece new and fresh and guaranteed the wear satisfactory. We invite your inspection. Our

## Prices are Right

and Assortment

## THE LARGEST.

## D. Bendheim & Sons

**Wanted:**  
Twenty-five young ladies to make overalls and pants. Only those who want work and are willing to stay with us after learning how to make the garments need apply.

HUNTER MFG & CO., CO.

IN THE PUSH.  
Some of The Things That Were Not  
Crowded Out.

The drain pipe across Gaston street at the Berger wood factory needs attention.

Gilchrist's "Magnificat" will be sung as a voluntary at West Market tomorrow.

Miss Lucy Glenn will sing "Through Peace to Light," at West Market church tomorrow morning.

G. W. Kestler is still making chewing gum, and has recently made a shipment of his goods to Baltimore.

Guilford College and the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Morganton will cross bats on the diamond in this city next Saturday.

The prayer meeting to be held at the Friends' church Sunday afternoon will be conducted by Rev. Roy G. Codding at 3 o'clock.

On account of Lent there will be no special music at St. Andrew's tomorrow beyond a solo in the morning service by Miss Jamison.

The weather bureau man sends out the following report: Fair tonight and warmer in western portion. Sunday fair and warmer with fresh south winds.

Two young ladies, students at Normal were baptized by Rev. Mr. Walters of the Christian church, at West Washington street church last night.

J. H. Phipps, chief of the fire department tells us that the thermometer on his front porch registered 22 this morning. This is cold weather for this time of year.

Capt. J. H. Medaris is quite sick with pneumonia at his home on West Elm street. He has been with the C. F. & V. railway ever since it began operation.

The morning hour at the First Presbyterian church tomorrow will be devoted to a congregational meeting for the election of two elders and two deacons. There will be no sermon in the morning.

George Brown, colored, wanted in Hillsboro for assault with a deadly weapon, was arrested here today by Officers Whittington and Jeffries. An officer came up at noon from Hillsboro and carried the prisoner home.

J. K. McIlhenney, the proprietor of the South-side pharmacy, is putting in a new soda fountain and making other improvements in his new store. He is well known here having resided in the city some years ago previous to going to Durham. We are glad to have him make Greensboro his home.

Fruit Prospects Unhurried.

Mr. J. Van Lindley says that he does not think the present cold weather has injured the fruit prospects as there has been enough cold all along to keep the buds back.

Devery Will Pass Monday.

It is learned this afternoon that Rear Admiral George Dewey will pass through this city Monday afternoon on the fast mail train due here at 7:10 going south. No doubt many of our people will be at the depot in the hope of getting a glimpse of the hero of Manila Bay.

Baseball at Whitsett.

Gullford College and Whitsett Institute baseball teams crossed base on the latter's ground this afternoon, to late for a report in this issue. Gullford played the following men: pitcher, John Fox; catcher, Hammond; firstbase, C. Fox; second base, F. Landreth; third base, Jim Fox; short stop, Dalton; right field, Jack Love; left field, Cummings; center field, Daniels.

The Prowler on Spring.

Winter's most over and spring is near. But it don't look like it now. Soon warm sunshine will bring good cheer; But don't look like it now.

There's hail and rain and ice and snow; And winter's perched on springtime's brow;

Flowers soon will bloom and mild winds blow,

But it really don't look like it now.

It wrote the above the other night when the earth was wrapped in a winding sheet of all the different kinds of weather we ever have in this country. It didn't appear to be much out of place this morning when the ground was frozen hard and the mercury was several degrees below freezing point.

I know that I have promised to write no more poetry, but I would like to have the above verses printed, even if the meter is a little wobbly.

I encountered a peculiar mixture of sight and sound yesterday at noon. I started to Winston, and when the train stopped at the coal chute I gazed out on the snow-clad hillsides and ice-covered trees. As I looked out on the sun, glistening under the rays of the sun as the broken clouds floated by, I heard the frogs in the branch at the foot of the hill, singing their springtime melodies. I wondered if they were ignorant of the avalanche of ice above them, or if they were only croaking to keep their courage up.

Winter lingers in the lap of spring and there is a lap full of it, too.

County Fair Wanted.

To the Editor of the Telegram. Would not a county fair for Gullford held in Greensboro, at the proper time, be a benefit to both the county and town? Some of our business men have discussed the matter in a general way, but have not made any decided efforts in the matter. If it is a good thing put it along.

Citizen.

\$3 50 And up for the latest improved Magazine camera, 12 exposures in 15 seconds. Best made and guaranteed. Examine those at Moore Opt. & T. M. Co.

Twenty-five young ladies to make overalls and pants. Only those who want work and are willing to stay with us after learning how to make the garments need apply.

HUNTER MFG & CO., CO.

PERSONAL ITEMEN.  
The Coming and Going of Both  
Friends and Strangers.

C. P. Smith, Sr., of Liberty, was here today.

J. H. Merritt went to McLeansville this afternoon.

C. A. Canoy, of Goldston, was in the city today.

R. G. Gleam returned from his mill at Glendale last night.

E. R. Fulp, was here early this morning going to Raleigh.

Hugh Parks, Jr., and Herbert Russell, of Franklinville, were here today.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Devine, of Oxford, returned from this morning after a visit to friends here.

G. W. Kestler is still making chewing gum, and has recently made a shipment of his goods to Baltimore.

Guilford College and the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Morganton will cross bats on the diamond in this city next Saturday.

The prayer meeting to be held at the Friends' church Sunday afternoon will be conducted by Rev. Roy G. Codding at 3 o'clock.

Miss Nettie Sloan, trimmer for Mrs. Rosa Hammer Carter, went north today to purchase goods.

Miss Nettie Sloan, who has been at Pinehurst for sometime will return home this afternoon for a few days.

Will H. Matthews returned this morning from the north, where he purchased a big spring stock of clothing for his firm.

T. L. McLean, who has been in New York in the interest of the Vanstory Clothing Company, returned this morning.

Harper Lindsey is in the city shaking hands with his many friends. He leaves tomorrow for Butte, Montana, where he will engage in business. Harper was for some time employed with J. W. Scott & Co., and has many business qualifications. We wish him much success.

About two weeks ago the floor on the Benbow balcony was laid. Since that time the plaintive mew of a cat has been distinctly heard about that part of the building, and today a search was made and the cat found under the floor—albeit though weak from fasting for two weeks.

C. M. Vanstory, who has been in New York and other northern cities completing the purchase of the stock of goods for the Vanstory Clothing Company returned today. He has spent a great deal of time in the selection of stock and will have only first class goods. Mr. Vanstory tells us that he expects to open by the tenth of April.

TO DEATH ONE PROFESSIONALISM.

The Meeting this Afternoon to Purify College Athletics.

The movement begun some time ago to eliminate the "professional" football and baseball player from the school and college teams of the state, bough a number of representatives of prominent institutions together in this city this afternoon. The meeting was held in the McAdoo parlor, and the following were represented: A. & M. College, Raleigh, by President Winston; the University, by Dr. Bascomb; Wake Forest, by Dr. Sikes; Trinity, by Prof. Whitehouse and Durham; Blagdon School, McBane, by Prof. Johnson; Horner, by Prof. Oldham; Oak Ridge, by the Professor Holt and Prof. Wright; Guilford College, by President Hobbs, Prof. Hodgin and Wilson. The results of the meeting had not been made known at the time of going to press.

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